URBANA UNION.

"TELL THEM TO OBEY THE LAWS AND UPHOLD THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES."—Last Words of Stephen A. Douglas.

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URBANA UNION.

J. W. HOUX, PROP'R.

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have been introduced to the public for more than eight years, and have acquired an

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An appreciating public were not long in discovering they possessed remarkable

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are the most active and thorough pills that have ever been introduced.

They act so directly upon the Liver, exciting that organ to such an extent as that the system does not relapse into its former condition, which is too apt to be the case with simply a purgative pill.

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Try these Medicines and you will never regret it.

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ALL DRUGGISTS IN URBANA

and all Respectable Druggists everywhere.

Select Poetry.

A MAIDEN'S SOLILIQUY AT CHURCH.

[Found in a young lady's prayer book which she had inadvertently left in her pew.]

Oh dear, oh dear, he's not yet here.
Although the prayers are done;
The lessons through, the singing too,
And sermon just begun.
I cast in vain, and sadly strain,
My eye around the church;
To every nook despatch a look,
Still fruitless is the search.

I cannot hear, 'tis very clear,
The preacher as I ought;
That torment dear, who should be here,
Absorbs my every thought.
The minister my manner odd
Must certainly remark;
For see! his brow, so fair but now,
Has all at once grown dark.

What shall I do? vacate the pew?
Oh, no! he may come yet:
And that he may, I'll stay and pray,
And cease awhile to fret.
But where can be that plaguey man,
I much would like to know;
Not gone, I hope, with Clara Pope,
And played the truant beau?

Oh! if it has come to pass,
I'll never as I live—
Unless he prove 'twas not for love—
The naughty wretch forgive!
His absence rue I should, he knew—
How could he treat me so?
I'm not unkind, but I'll my mind
Right well to make him know.

'Twas my desire he should admire
My pretty bonnet, new,
Made in haste, supremely chaste—
Among the first be too.
In style so fine, in shape divine,
My fancy quite it took;
When worn with grace, it gives the face
A warm come-kiss me look.

Where can he be? what doing he
At such a time as this?
I will him kill—yes! that I will
For being so remiss.
'Tis always thus the men trick us—
They're all alike provoking;
No doubt the fellow's getting mellow,
Or a cigar is smoking.

Our Story-Teller.

THE DARK CORNER.

Alton was a quiet country place, its people mostly interested in ship-building, which was quite extensively carried on by Buck & Brother, who lived in two large, elegant dwellings, on the extreme southern limits of the town, near the little water-course into which their structures, when ready for rigging, were launched. That tidiness and thrift which are usually seen where honest industry is rewarded by prompt cash payment, characterized the homes of the mechanics in Alton. Every neatly painted house had its yard prettily laid out in grass plats and studded with shubbery, that presented at once a pleasant sight and an agreeable perfume.

At the time of which we write, however, there was one dark corner that, like a stagnant pool in a well-kept garden was in signal contrast with the prevailing order, "eye sore" as the villagers expressed it, "to all decency." The property belonged to Halman Shaw, an eccentric widower, a wheelwright, who with his one son, McKenzie Shaw, had vacated the mansion sixteen years before, and removed to a remote part of the town, and subsequently never allowed it to be occupied. The building was suffered to decay, the the weeds to choke the shrubs to death, and the fences to droop toward the ground; and this, too, directly opposite the fine grounds of Dr. Yarrow, and next to the Baptist church.

Every spring, Mr. Shaw had a dozen applicants for the neglected house, and as many were unceremoniously dismissed from that gentleman's presence; "when he wished to rent his property there would be a bill on it."

"But why," inquired the Baptist parson, who had recently erected the church, and considered his congregation too much burdened with debt, at present, to enter upon the expenses of a parsonage, "why not permit the Committee to repair your house; the property will rather be improved than injured by us?"

"I know, and my son knows, and that's enough to know." And this was all the reply the old man ever gave to those who were curious enough to pry into the motives of his singular conduct.

So the gate dropped from its hinges, the boys broke out the windows, the cows ate the rose bushes, and the swallows tenanted the chimneys unmolested by smoke, until it came to be a current saying, "Old Shaw's house is haunted."—At night the children avoided the dark corner, or passed by on the other side, looking furtively across the street, and shivering with fright if one of the old shutters creaked in the wind. Some older persons went so far as to declare that lights had been seen moving to and fro at the dead hour of night, and all sorts of unearthly noises had been heard, but nobody had actually seen or heard these things himself—it was all proxy. Mr. Shaw was deaf to rumors; pursuing the even tenor of his way, more regardful of wagon tongues than human tongues, moving more among wagon bodies than human bodies. No man could bring a charge against the character of Halman Shaw; "he was a good enough sort of a man in his way, and made good work." So said the Buck brothers, for whom he built heavy log wagons.

In the course of events the wife of Mr. Burt, the pastor, went into a decline, and his son Will, a mischievous blade of sixteen, was despatched to Mr. Shaw's shop from time to time to procure tar for an ingredient in the domestic medicine which the invalid lady made to remedy her disease. Will, upon the occasion of one of these errands, found Halman Shaw alone. The old man had become familiar with the boy; he admired his intelligence and indulged his good-natured, off-hand behavior. Will, encouraged by Mr. Shaw's familiarity, had several times referred to the deserted house as Spook Hall, and Hobgoblin Roost. Rolling over upon the work-bench in front of the wheelwright, he said:

"What do you think I saw in your old rat castle, last night, when I was going to bed?"

"A ghost, of course," returned Shaw, pleasantly.

"A ghost sure enough. Tell me why you don't rent it, and I'll tell you what he said."

"I'll wager this tar you was frightened out of your senses, jumped into bed and covered up your head."

"A specter all in white, head white; it beckoned me from the east window," continued Will, seriously.

Mr. Shaw looked at the boy inquiringly.

"I drew on me coat, went softly out at the back door, crept between the pales of the fence, and hastened to obey the summons of the airy creature on the second floor."

"And what did he say?" asked Shaw.

"Let me into your secret and I will divulge mine."

"Here's your tar, you rogue—go."

"Then you will not tell me?"

"I know and my son knows, and that's enough to know."

"I *must* reveal my secret to you, or I shall have that intangible female appearing before me every night, and that would not be so pleasant; such sights make a fellow feel shaky, spite of his courage."

"Go on, and conclude as soon as possible;" and Shaw shove his plane vigorously."

"Well, then, I said, 'In the name of God, what do you want?" The white figure raised her arms and placed her hands upon my head, (though I could feel no weight) and she said in a voice so low I could scarcely hear it. "Hail William Burt, blessed art thou among boys; go to Halman Shaw and tell him his son McKenzie must marry Becky—"

Before the sentence was finished, Halman Shaw dropped his plane, and looked wildly at the boy, ejaculated, "My God! William Burt, what do you mean?"

"Oh you do see I know something about Nineveh."

"Fudge," said the old man, recovering and addressing himself to the piece of wood before him.

Skeptical still. "See here," said Will, drawing from his pocket a neatly written note, "This which the apparition gave me at parting, will prove that you know and your son knows, but that is not enough to know. Listen, "I am sorry to disappoint you, dear Mac, but I love another better than you, and I feel that it would be injustice both to you and myself to marry you according to arrangement, to-morrow night. Please pardon me for deferring till so late an hour, and think of me kindly if you can. I ask no more. Becky."

"There, how is that, Mr. Shaw?"

"Strange," muttered the old man walking up and down excitedly. Then confronting the boy, he said, "Give me that paper."

"Oh, no; I am not to let this go out of my hands. Who knows what might happen? It is coming on dark now; the divil might catch me and pour this tar all over me before I get home, and tar is an awful thing to burn, you know."

"Devil take all the ministers' sons; get out of my shop, boy. No, come here, Will," and he whispered in his ear, "say nothing about this to anybody, and you shall hear all about my old house soon."

Will had not been gone half an hour when Mac Shaw entered his father's presence. He detected his agitation, when Mr. Shaw inquired:

"How long has John Ware been dead?"

"Something over a year—14 months—he died in April. Why?"

"You must go over and see his widow, Becky."

"Never."

"Yes, but you must."

"Father, havn't you got that old idea out of your head yet? You have made yourself the ridicule of the whole town for sixteen years, by keeping a foolish vow and letting a good property go to ruin. Why not be a sensible man, and repent of words hastily spoken?"

"I never promised a thing in my life that I did not fulfill. When I said that no woman should ever live in that house until Becky was your wife, I meant it, and I mean it still. You permitted her to marry another, and all these years I said nothing upon the subject. Now she is a widow, and you have a chance to redeem that property from ruin and secure it to yourself."

"What did she write me the very night before we were to have been married. It were easier to live a thousand of celibacy than to go to her like a whipped dog. Heaven only knows how I idolized her! I said I would never marry any but her; you have kept your say, and I have kept mine."

"You never told me she *wrote* those words before. What was the precise wording of the note?"

"I burnt the note, but I remember the words, they burnt into my heart too deeply to be forgotton: "I am sorry to disappoint you, Mac, but I love another better than you, and I feel it would be injustice both to you and myself to marry you according to arrangement, to-morrow night. Please pardon me for deferring to so late an hour, and think of me kindly if you can. I ask no more:

Becky."

"I repeated that over every night for years and God knows I have thought of her kindly, though I had to pray to do so."

"Becky will marry you now; she sees by your remaining single how true your passion was; if you visit her again, she will admire and love you for your forgiving disposition and constancy.

There was an earnestness in the father's manner, and an emphasis in his speech, that impressed the son.

"You have heard from Becky, father?"

"Indirectly. I believe if you renew your addresses she will listen favorably."

"To jilt when another rich farmer pays his attentions. No, no; I have lived thirty-five years, without Becky, I can live thirty-five more."

The brother of Mrs. Rebecca Ware, who had been in charge of the farm since her husband's demise, was at the time of this conversation, having a cart built by the parties between whom it passed. Mr. Shaw proposed a plan, that Mac should ride out for the purpose of learning from this gentleman some further particulars in regard to the cart, at an hour in the day when he would certainly be in the field. Mac did not readily fall in with the arrangement, but was finally induced to gratify his father, for, as he said "there could be no harm in it." When the heart is interested, our scruples are easily overcome.

The following day Mac saddled his horse with many misgivings, and rode very slowly toward the widow's. It was a warm day in early summer. As Mac approached the house through a long lane, he saw a lady sitting in the portico shelling peas. He felt the day grow warmer at every step of his horse; at length he stopped in the shade of an apple-tree that extended its branches over the lane, and taking off his hat, he wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow. "There she is," he tho't, "the same slight form, the same dark hair." How could he meet her after so many years of estrangement, during which he had avoided her? Yet hope spurred his horse, and he galloped forward as bold as a lion.—He alighted, and seeing nobody but the lady herself, passed on through the gate, and stood almost in front of her before she looked up. Good Heavens! she seemed not a year older than when he saw her last; not a gray hair was visible, as his own perturbed head—the report that she had lived unhappily with her late husband must be false."

"Is Mr. Venneman in?" Mac inquired.

"No, sir," (oh God! that voice it percolated every part of him in an instant.)

"No, sir, he has gone to Salem, but will return by two. Will you sit down."

She gathered the peas in her apron, arose and handed a chair. Mac thanked her, and sat down, raising his eyes again as he did so. There was the identical brooch upon her bosom, containing his own hair, given to Becky the evening they had plighted their faith. It was too much for human nature to bear; and she so cool! He would state his business, apologize and retire.

"I am here to obtain some information about a piece of work we are making for your brother," he said, with difficulty maintaining his voice from faltering. "You may tell him, if you please, to call and see Mr. Shaw, the first time he goes to Alton.

"I presume you mean my uncle, Mr. Venneman."

Mac rested his eyes full upon the face of Mrs. Ware's daughter; he might have known she could not be thirty-three years of age had he thought calmly. And yet so like the mother of her age. He recollected having seen Dora Ware three years before; but what a contrast is there between a girl of thirteen and a young lady of sixteen!

At this moment a servant come into the portico, bearing a plate of strawberries and cream. Miss Ware motioned her to hand them to the gentleman, and requested another supply for herself.—"How easy her manners, and how beautiful! More beatiful than her mother ever was," thought Mac, as she blushingly presented him with the scarlet fruit. There is nothing so conclucive to acquaintance as eating; the restraint that strangers feel is thrown off, sociability subdues formality, and the conversation progresses freely.

So it was in this case; Mac forgot his haste, ate, smiled and chatted, until the rattling of wheels attracted his attention from the lovely object before him, and he saw Mrs. Ware and her brother in the carriage. How old and homely Becky had grown; there was not a particle of color in her once rosy face, and she was indeed gray. Mrs. Ware was, however, quite hospitable, insisted upon his remaining to dinner, which was now upon the table, and more than once during the meal permitted a sigh to escape that did not fail to reach the ears of her old lover. But how obdurate had his heart grown; he could look Becky in the face with immobility of granite. He had become a mystery to himself!

Mac did not depart without discussing the subject which was the ostensible object of his call, and he was gratified to find in Mr. Venneman's (a bachelor of his own age,) a most agreeable and companionable man. An hour was passed in looking over the farm and admiring a pair of blood horses which had just been purchased, and Mac was glad to find himself positively unable, with any degree of propriety, to decline Mr. Venneman's invitation to join him in a ride the following Sunday.

When Halmon Shaw was informed of what Mac called "the perfect success of his visit," he related Will Burt's account of the ghost. Mac puzzled, and went immediately in search of the minister's son.

"What," said he, do you know concerning that house?"

"About that old wreck of former things? Oh, I know, and my ghost knows, and that's enough to know," said Will, shrugging his shoulders and winking at nothing with the eye on the opposite side of his face from Mac.

"Tell me; honestly, do you really think you saw anything supernatural?"

"As good as anything we read of in Revelations, only without seven horns and golden candlesticks."

"Candidly, Will, tell me what you really did see and hear, and I will tell you everything connected with the history of that old house; *and it shall be repaired.*"

"Now that's business like; you and I can deal. You see I was rambling about in your abonination of desolation one day examining the partitions and closets to see if there was any chance for spookers to hide away if I should get after one with a long pole some dark night, when I discovered that a panel of the fire-board was loose. Removing it, I found the note torn in four pieces, a copy of which I read your ancient."

"I remember tearing that note up and throwing it into the stove; the draft has doubtless carried it through the short pipe, and then it must have fallen where it has laid ever since."

"Very true, and I thought a genius might turn it to account—perhaps through it, have the rookery demolished or repaired. I made inquiry and found that Becky was Mrs. Ware, whom you had once addressed, now a widow. I naturally connected the desertion of your house with the disappointment revealed to me in that lady's note, and I knew if she and you could be brought together, the removal of that old pile of lumber would be insured. And that's all that I know about the ghost."

Both laughing noisily, Will jumped up and down with his hands in his pantaloons pockets.

"Now that pile must fall; if you do not keep your word I *will* see a ghost.—Tell me all about the fuss."

"The furniture had been removed from the house, which was to be re-painted preparatory to introducing my wife into it, when the note came. I sank down and buried my face in both hands. My father, angry at this display of weakness, declared I would be a fool if I did not press my claim and hold my affianced to her promise, and he added sharply, "If you do not marry Becky, this property shall never be yours and it shall stand empty forever, to harass and mortify you when you see or hear of it."

"Well, there's a chance for you to marry Mrs. Ware now; and as I am head over heels in love with her daughter Dora, who knows but that you may be my father."

One month subsequent to this, this, the eyes of the good people of Alton were delighted with the prospect of renovation of the dark corner. Carpenters and masons were about the house, and Mac himself was busy in the yard, mowing down mullen stalks and clearing the walks of plantain and dock. Another month changed the whole aspect of the place, so that the villagers thought the Shaws must be getting extravagant and trying to trying to rival the Bucks. The old house was metamorphosed into an Elizabethan cottage, with a very steep roof and cluster of small chimneys, or, as the old ladies had it, "with a dozen steeples and lace around the portico."

One day, about the time the house was completed, Mac Shaw drove out in the new carriage which he had built after a model of his own, as usual accompanied only by Dora, In the course of the ride they encountered Halman Shaw on horseback. The same evening the father said:

"Where was Becky, your wife elect this morning?"

"Pardon the deception I have practiced upon you, father, the daughter, not the mother, will be Mrs. McKenzie Shaw."

"D. O. R. A. does not spell Becky. I said the corner property should not be yours until you married Becky, and I will burn the house before I will break my word."

Now here was a perplexity. Mac paused, looked at his boots thoughtfully, and dallied with his watch-chain. He would not change the daughter for the mother for all the Elizabethan cottages in the world. Suddenly he started up and drawing from his coat pocket, an album which Dora had given him to write in, opened it the first page, and placed the name inscribed there before his father's eyes: "Dora Rebecca Ware."

Halman Shaw went to an old fashioned secretay that stood in the room, and unlocking a small drawer, drew forth a package of papers and handed his son a deed for the corner property.

All Sorts of Good Reading.

Unhappy Married People.

That the course of true love, before marriage, never runs smooth, is a truth well known; but it seems to be less generally understood, that the course of true love, after marriage, is equally liable to perturbations.—One reason of this, perhaps is, that literature has treated the sorrows of lovers seriously, while the troubles of married life have been the theme of satirists and humorists. A strange proceeding, this, on the part of literature; since the perplexities of lovers are generally brief and trivial, and married differences are frequently terrible and blasting.

Our habit of publicly answering correspondents has caused thousands of troubled hearts to open to us the sad details of domestic misery, imparted to no one else. Wives and husbands tell us how ardently they loved, what happiness they expected, how cruelly they have been disenchanted and disappointed. The future, that was bright with promise a little while ago, is now so black and threatening, that they see before them no prospect except to spend a life of repining and despair. They love one another still, and as warmly as ever they did, and yet they are miserable. It is such as these that we venture, on the present occasion, to address a few observations.

And first, we may remark, for their comfort, that their case is not singular, but common, and, perhaps, universal. It happens seldom that two human beings are so exquisitely adapted to one another, by nature and education, that they can acquire the art of living happily together, without both being compelled to make painful sacrifices of habit, taste, and feeling. After the glow and delusion of the honey moon are passed each has to learn that the other has faults which were not perceived before; each has to discover that the other is a fallible and limited human being—not an angel, not a hero, not a saint. Each has acquired, in their previous course through life, a bundle of those sustinate things called habits, some of which are sure to seem unreasonable and unwise, and none of which can be laid aside without an effort. Each has formed strong attachments, and perhaps strong opinions. The habits conflict, the opinions clash, and unless each of the mated two cherish the true spirit of friendly compromise, unhappiness is certain to follow quick upon the tumultuous joy of the espousal.

Generally, this spirit of mutual concession is not acquired immediately. The art of living together justly and joyously is one which is intrinsically difficult, and upon which the appointed teachers of men threw little light. If a tenth part of the genius and toil which have been wasted upon questions of metaphysics, had been expended upon educating the laws relating to the human temper, we should by this time, probably, have reached important and definite principles, the knowledge of which would greatly smooth the path that leaps to solve the great problem unassisted, and to learn the secret after many months or years of experience, more or less bitter according as our natures are more or less reasonable.

One error, we find, is cherished by nearly all unhappy married people; namely, each thinks that the fault is all on the other side. The husband takes it for granted that all would be well with them if only his *wife* were a little different from what she is, and the wife feels sure that perfect happiness would be the instantaneous result if only that *husband* of hers was not quite unreasonable. In almost all cases this opinion is erroneous. There cannot be a quarrel unless both are in fault. There cannot be a permanent estrangement without grievous fault on both sides.—If one is exacting, the other is too yielding. If in one there is lack of considerateness, there is in the other a want of firmness.

As a general rule, the husband holds in his hands the happiness of all his household—his own, his wife's, their children. There is scarcely one woman in a thousand who will not at length become just, conciliatory and kind, if her husband is firm, just and tender. When a man has attained self, control, he has acquired a supremacy over all who are still the slaves of caprice and ill temper. A woman has many causes of irritability that are unknown to men. She cannot be forgiven too much; there is no degree of charity and tenderness to which her character, her sufferings, and her importance do not entitle her.

The first step toward the harmonizing of a discordant pair, is for one of them to ascertain the true state of the case and to cease everything like recrimination. The man ought to do this; and if he does it, happiness is almost sure to ravisit the distracted house. The woman is less potent, but there are many miserable houses which could be restored to peace if the wife could acquire a certain degree of forbearance and equanimity. One of them, however, must undertake the task; and it will invariably be that one that has the most to forgive.

The Punctual Man.—Mr. Higgins was a very punctual man in all his transactions through life. He amazed a large fortune by untiring industry and punctuality; and at the advanced age of ninety years was resting quietly on his bed, and calmnly waiting to be called away. He had deliberately made almost every arrangement for his decease and burial.

His pulse grew fainter, and the light of life seemed just flickering in its sockets when one of his sons observed—

"Father, you will probably live but a day or two; is it not well for you to name your bearers?"

"To be sure, my son," said the dying man—it is well thought of, and I will do it now."

He gave the names of six; the usual number, and sank back exhausted upon his pillow.

A gleam of thought passed over his withered features like a ray of light, and he rallied once more. My son, read me the list.—Is the name of Mr. Wiggins there?"

"It is father."

"Then strike it off! said he, emphatically, for he was never punctual—was never anywhere in season, and he might hinder the whole procession a whole hour."

Diarrhœa and Dysentery.—We have examined a great number of letters from some of the most citizens of Cincinnati and Covington, etc., speaking in the highest terms of Dr. Strickland's Anti-Cholera Mixture for the cure of diarrhœa and dysentery. The letters are too long to publish. Mr. Woods, of Covington, says he was pronounced incurable by the best doctors in Cincinnati, and one bottle of Dr. Strickland's Anti-Cholera Mixture effected a permanent cure after suffering for months with the worst form of diarrhœa and dysentery.

Another says he was discharged from the United States service after suffering in the hospital for 8 months as incurable, and as a last resource tried Strickland's Anti-Cholera Mixture he got well directly and has now entered the army again in good health. One man writes he has cured seven or eight very bad cases of diarrhœa and dysentery in the barracks he was in with one bottle of this valuable medicine. In fact we could fill half our paper with similar items from these letters. Why does not our Government secure this valuable preparation. Our army ought to be supplied with it. It is but a short time since one of our men laid in a very low condition at one of our Cincinnati Hospitals, his wife was sent for, his doctors considered his a hopeless case. She, however, gave him Strickland's Anti-Cholera Mixture, and in three weeks he was able to return home with his wife to New Richmond, O. All these cases right at home speak for themselves.—We hope all the soldiers will put a bottle of it in their knapsacks, it may save them or some of their comrades. It is for sale by all respectable druggists.